

SENIOR YELLS AND SONGS

SENIOR YELLS

Hit 'em in the wish bone,
Soak 'em in the jaw,
Send 'em to the graveyard,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Senior will shine tonight!
Seniors will shine!
Seniors will shine tonight!
Senior will shine!
When the sun goes down and
the moon comes up,
Sophomores will shine.

Razzle, dazzle, frizzle, frazzle,
Not a thread but wool,
All together, all together,
That's the way we pull.

Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Seniors! Seniors!

The Senior team is high minded,
Believe to my soul they're double
jinted
They play ball, and don't mind it,
All day long.

Hoop'er up, hoop'er up, hoop'er up
some more,
Twenty-four is the team the Seniors
all adore—

It's such a peach it won our hearts,
it'll surely win the game,
It is not rough, it is not tough, but it
gets there all the same.

Yip ya yadi ya yey ya yey
Yip ya yadi ya yey,
We'll give three cheers for the
Senior crew,
Give them another, for one won't
do!

Yip ya yadi ya yey ya yey,
We'll boost 'em and carry 'em
through to the end,
Yip ya yadi ya yey.

Rickety, satchet, shome,
Seniors feel at home,
Salem, Salem, Salem,
Pep it up, Pep it up!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Eat 'em up! Chew 'em up!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Boom-a-laca, Boom-a-laca
Bow, wow, wow,
Chic-a-laca, chic-a-laca,
Chow, chow, chow,
Who are we?
Seniors! Seniors!
Don't you see!

Senior Field Song
Fight for the Seniors. Seniors will
win!
Fight to the finish, never give in!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

You do your best girls, we'll do the
rest, girls,
Fight for the Senior Team!

Team Song
Team, you sure have got the pep,
Team, you sure have got the rep,
Basket-ball is your specialty,
You don't mind 'em
Mercy, let us help you find 'em,
Team, you made a grand old fight,
For you're Red and White,
T-e-a-m—that's the way you spell it
T-e-a-m—that's the way you yell it!
Team of '24!

Acka lacka ching!
Acka lack chow!
Acka lacka ching, ching, ching,
chow, chow, chow!
Boomeracka! Firecracker, Sis,
boom, bah!
Seniors! Seniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rickety, rackity, shackity town
Who can put the Seniors down?
Nobody! Yea! Nobody!

Ray! Eleanor! Ray! Shaffner!
Rah! Rah! Eleanor Shaffner.
Nigger, nigger, hoe potato,
Half past alligator!
Ram! bam! bulligator
Sis, boom, bah!
Seniors! Seniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Wow! Big Tiger!
Wee! Little Tiger!
Wow! Juniors!
Wee!

Seniors! Seniors! Rah!
Boomalacka, boomalacka, bah!
Who's up against us?
They're up against us
They'll never down us,
Rah!

(To Tune of "Brighten the Corner")
We want a basket—pass that ball,
Just a little basket—that will be all,
We'll get that hoodoo,
And bury it tonight,
We want a basket! Fight! Fight!
Fight!

Who can, who can, who can, who
can,
Who can beat the Juniors?
Who can, who can, who can, who
can,

Who can beat the Juniors?
Who can beat the Juniors?
Who can beat the Juniors?
Who can beat the Juniors playing?

Yes—
We can, we can, we can, we can,
We can beat the Juniors?
We can, we can, we can, we can,
We can beat the Juniors;
We can beat the Juniors.
We can beat the Juniors
We can beat the Juniors playing.

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

I.

We gather together to ask the
Lord's blessing,
He chastens, and hasten His
will to make known;
The wicked oppressing cease
them from distressing,
Sing praises to His name, He
forgets not His own.

II.

Beside us to guide us our God
with us joining,
Ordaining, maintaining His
kingdom divine,
So from the beginning, the
fight we were winning;
Thou, Lord, was at our side,
the glory be Thine.

III.

We all do extol Thee, Thou
Leader in battle,
And pray that Thou still our
Defender wilt be;
Let Thy congregation escape
tribulation:
Thy name be ever prais'd! O
Lord make us free!

Sophomore

Captain

Forwards

M. Wellons	E. Barnes
	Center
E. B. Jones	M. A. Robbins
	Guards
A. Sutherland	H. Griffin
	Subs
A. Galloway	D. Dorough
	C. Fowler
	Colors—Purple and White.

Rah! Rah! Re!—Who are we?
We are the Soph's of Salem, N. C.
Can we win—Yes! Yes! Yes!
Now just watch us make your nest.

Senior Team, Senior Team,
Put on your best and play,
Fight this fight with all your might,
For we must win today.

1—2—3—4—5—6—7
All good children go to Heaven,
When they get there they will tell,
How the Seniors played like—
1—2—3—4—5—6—7.

Rah, Rah, Rah, Red and White,
(Juniors) (Juniors) Aint we right?
Red and White,
Red and White,
Knock those Juniors,
Out of sight.

Bite 'em, chew 'em,
Eat'em whole,
Seniors, Seniors,
Make that goal.

R-a-a-z, R-a-a-z,
Rah, Rah,
Seniors, Seniors.

Hit 'em high,
Hit 'em low,
Hit 'em fast,
Hit 'em slow,
Yes, old team, let's go!

Who's gonna win, win,
Who's gonna win, win, now,
We're gonna win, win,
We're gonna win, win,
How
E-a-s-y.

BASKET-BALL TEAMS

Seniors

Captain—Louise Young.	
Forwards	L. Young
E. Shaffner	
Center	M. Russell
B. Chandler	
Guards	H. Stephenson
M. Hunt	
Subs	S. Herndon
M. Smith	
M. H. Turlington	
Colors—Red and White.	

THANKSGIVING SONG

Look off, dear girls across the dusty
court
And mark yon meeting of the sky
and sea
How long they're fought in that
heroic sport
Eternity it seems.

Now back of Happy Hill descends
the sun
And evening shadows fall upon the
field
The game is over; teams have lost
and won.
And some have had to yield.

Then forth they go into the banquet
hall
Each girl triumphant, happy, glad
and gay.
Oh, take from us our life, our les-
sons, all—
Never Thanksgiving Day!

Roll up the score Sophomore team,
Roll up the score Sophomore team,
Roll up the score, you have done it
before,
You can do it some more.
Team! Team! Team!

SENIOR SONG TO TEAM

(Tune of "That Red Headed Gal")
What is that team?
Oh do you know them?
Which team do you mean?
Can they play ball?
'Tis the Senior Team you know
They can make the better show.
You bet they are the finest sports
Oh did you see 'em on that court?
What is that team?
Oh do you know them?
Which team do you mean?
You ought to know.
'Tis the finest team of all
They can surely pass that ball.
What is that team?
The Senior Team!

SENIOR SONG TO DR. RONDTHALER

(Tune of "My Buddy")
Prey, dear, we're so glad to have
you
Prey, dear, we're so glad to have
you
With us, yes, with us,
On this Thanksgiving Day.
We don't know what we'd do with-
out you
Leave, I 'spect um—
Our education!
Would be ruination!
If you went away!

SENIOR CLASS SONG

Salem, dear Alma Mater,
We, thy daughters, salute thee
Proudly tell our allegiance
To thy deeply loved name
Thy fair history we boast in
Present glories we cherish
Thy ideals and standards
Urge us forward to victory.

CHORUS:
Salem, dear Alma Mater,
Joyfully all they daughters sing to-
gether
Hail to thee, oh Alma Mater
Hil, oh hail to thee!

I. To Mrs. Rondthaler

Oh who is the rare treat?
Who's got 'em all beat?
Who is the favorite of Salem, dear?
Mrs. Rondthaler is the rare treat
She's got 'em all beat
She is the favorite of Salem, dear.

II. To Sophomore Class

Lift up your voices
Three cheers for Sophomores
Best in the land
The mighty 'Sohomores
Loud then we'll sing
Praises to thee
Far and near voices ring clear
Hail Sophomores.

III. To Sophomore Team

Sophomore team
Is the team that's got 'em beat
Sophomore team
To watch it play it is a treat!
It come out on Thanksgiving Day
And showed those Freshmen how to
play
Sophomore team
Three cheers! Hip, hip, hurrah!

SOPHOMORE YELLS AND SONG

SOPHOMORE YELLS

S-o-p-h-o-m-o-r-e spells Sophomore,
Tis the Sophomore team that we
love best,

Tis the Sophomore team that beats
the rest.

S-o-p-h-o-m-o-r-e—You see
Tis the team that brings shame to
the other teams fame.

Sophomore—That's me.

Sophomore Team, Sophomore Team
Put on your best and play
Fight now with all your might
For we're going to win today.

Rippety cuss—Rippety cuss
What in the world's the matter with
us

Nothing at all—Nothing at all
We're the girls that play basket-
ball

Sophomores—Sophomores—
Sophomores.

Rip Van Winkle and his little bull
pup
Sophomores, Sophomores, Never
give up.

Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah!
Sure can play.

Give her the gas—Put her on low
Come on Sophomores—Let's go.
Give her the gas—Put her in high
Poor old Freshmen—Good-bye.

Had a little rooster,
Put him on the fence,
Yelled for the Sophomores,
'Cause he had good sense.

S—I—I—I—I—s! Boom!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Give us room.

What's the matter with the Fresh-
men?
They're all right.
Who said so?

Everybody.
Oh! What a liar everybody is.

Hit 'em high—Hit 'em low—
Hit 'em hard—Let's go
Yea—Seniors.

Strawberry Shortcake, Huckleberry
Pie,
V-i-c-t-o-r-y

Are we in it? Well I guess.
Sophomore! Sophomore! Yes! Yes!

Yes!
Hey! You!
Lookit! Lookit!
Lookit that Haul!